Young *Abraham*: *Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger mayd.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, and I must coniure him.
I coniure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quiuering thigh,
And the demeanes, that there adiacent lie,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, t'would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and coniured it downe,
That were some spight.
My inuocation is faire & honest, in his mistres name,
I coniure onely but to raise vp him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees
To be consorted with the humerous night:
Blind is his loue, and best befits the darke.
Mer. If loue be blind, loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he sit vnder a Medler tree,
And wish his mistresse were that kind of fruite,
As maides call Medlers, when they laugh alone.
O *Romeo* that she were, ô that she were
An open, or thou a Poprin Peare.
Romeo goodnight, ile to my truckle bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?
Ben. Go then, for tis in vaine to seeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exit.*
Ro. He iests at scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sun.
Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is alreadie sicke and pale with greefe,

That

That thou her maide art far more faire then she:
Be not her maide since she is enuious,
Her vestall liuery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it, cast it off.
It is my Lady, ô it is my loue, ô that she knew she wer,
She speakes, yet she saies nothing, what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold, tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest starres in all the heauen,
Hauing some busines to entreate her eyes,
To twinckle in their spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheek wold shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lampe, her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.
Iu. Ay me.
Ro. She speakes.
Oh speake againe bright Angel, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes,
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And sayles vpon the bosome of the ayre.
Iuli. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my loue,
And ile no longer be a *Capulet*.
Ro. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?
Iu. Tis but thy name that is my enemie:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,

No